

NOTICE.—EVERY UMBRELLA

of our manufacture has **OUR NAME** upon the inside label, and **FOX'S** Stamp and Trade Mark upon the frame.—**DUNKERLEY & FRANKS,** 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

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Royal Exchange,

WORKS: STOCKPORT.

**THOMAS & TAYLOR,
LAUNDRY AND DAIRY ENGINEERS,
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CHAPEL STREET,
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**ESTABLISHED
116 YEARS.**

KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.
CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.
Gold Guards, Albert's, Hugs, Hrochets, Entries, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electric-Silver.

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ECCENTRIC
COMBINED
WASHING,
WRINGING,
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MACHINES**

Do their work remarkably easily and efficiently.

Do not injure the most delicate fabrics, as they are entirely without internal mechanism

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JACKDAW



**OUR
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ECCENTRIC
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Churns always in stock, to make from 1lb. to 440lbs. of butter.

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Is remarkably comfortable, perfectly healthy, light,
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IRON BEDS complete with Mattress,
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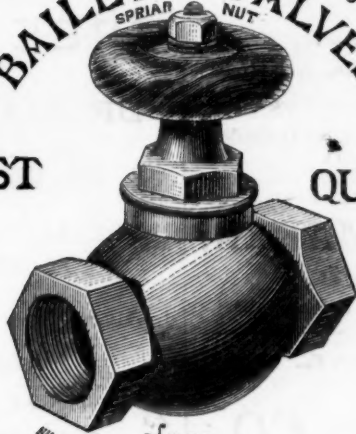
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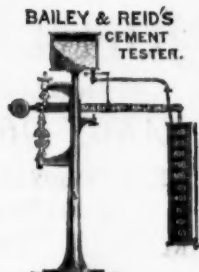


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TURRET CLOCKS FOR WORKS,
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With 2ft. Dials, Blue and Gold.



Fixed or unfixed, as supplied to the chief
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Containing a full account of our various Goods for Bleachers, Dyers, Paper Makers, Cotton Spinners, and other users of Steam Power.

W. H. BAILEY & CO., Albion Works, Oldfield Road, Salford, Manchester.

RAILWAY INN, 72, Dale Street, Oldham Street, Manchester. **JOHN MURPHY**, Proprietor.
Good Accommodation for Gentlemen only.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NORTHERN PROVINCE.

Patron: Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. Ladies' Branch—Patroness: Her Grace the Duchess of Westminster.

A GRAND BAZAAR

IN AID OF THE ABOVE SOCIETY, WILL BE HELD IN THE

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER,

ON THE 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th DAYS OF OCTOBER, 1877.

The BAZAAR will be OPENED on TUESDAY, 16th OCTOBER, by

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER. K.G.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER,
THE COUNTESS OF WILTON,
THE COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE,
Lady BAGOT, Lady DENHAM, Lady ELEANOR C. CLIFTON,

The MAYORESS OF MANCHESTER,
Mrs. LEIGH, Lyme Park, Disley,
Mrs. PLATT, Dunham Hall,

And other ladies of rank and influence have kindly consented to preside at Stalls.

CHAIRMAN: THOMAS DALE, Esq., J.P., Romily, Cheshire. TREASURER: ROBT. WHITWORTH, Esq., Cross Street, Manchester.
Mrs. GRAHAM, HERBERT BIRCH, Esq., The Vicarage, Blackburn; G. W. LOCKWOOD, 15, Shudehill, Manchester, Hon. Secs.
Papers containing every information may be obtained from the hon. secs. as above

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Largest, Cheapest, and Choicest Stock in the trade of

Oleographs, Engravings, Chromo Prints, Oil Paintings, Photographs, Chromos,
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At M. NEWMAN'S, 19, Fennel Street, close to the Cathedral.

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Established 1810.

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JOHN BOYD & CO.,

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign
FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,

Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New
and More Extensive Premises, situated
MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,
WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

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Have the Largest Assortment of

DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES

Suitable for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery, 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate,
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INDIAN FAMINE RELIEF FUND.

FREE TRADE HALL,

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10TH.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

IN AID OF THE ABOVE FUND,

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE DE TRAFFORD CLUB,

WHEN WILL BE PRODUCED

"THE LANCASHIRE WEAVER LAD; OR, THE
LAYROCK OF LANGLEYSIDE."

BY BEN BRIERLEY,

In which the Author will sustain his original character of "Joe o' Dick's."

For further particulars see announcements.

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Open every day from 10 a.m.

Messrs. DANSON & SONS' Magnificent Open-air PICTURE of the VALLEY of
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Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday throughout the Season, at dusk.

Military Band of the Gardens Daily from 3 p.m.
Great Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, Mazes,
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Admission to the Gardens, 6d. each; 1s. each after 4 p.m.

SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

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NINTH SERIES, comprising EIGHT LECTURES, as follows:—
Tuesday, October 30 and November 6.—Two Lectures by Professor J. MARTIN
DUNCAN, F.R.S. Subject, "The Origin of Life."

Tuesday, November 13 and 20.—Two Lectures by Professor THORPE, F.R.S., of
Leeds. Subject, "Flame," illustrated with experiments.

Tuesday, November 27 and December 4.—Two Lectures by Professor THOMAS
H. CORE, of Owens College. Subject, "Modern Discoveries about Sound,"
illustrated with experiments.

Tuesday, December 11 and 18.—Two Lectures by Dr. JOHN MURRAY, of
Edinburgh University and the "Challenger." Subject, "The Scientific Results of
the 'Challenger' Expedition."

Professor Roscoe will be glad if Subscribers will forward their subscriptions to
the undersigned as soon as convenient.

57, King Street, Manchester, 1st October, 1877.

JOSEPH LUNT.

THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find the above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid
commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard-room, one of the most
comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite.
Twelve fireproof and other stockrooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and
dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality.
All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of
the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1-20—soup, joint,
pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

I. MAYER, 105, OLDHAM STREET. N.B.—Bow Window.

Large assortment on hand, packed and forwarded to
any address. Tea, Coffee and Luncheon Rooms.
Wines, Ale, Porter, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches.
WEDDING BREAKFASTS and SUPPERS supplied.

WEDDING CAKES.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 99.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

BROKEN-DOWN.

[BY LEONARD BRIGHT.]

[Scene: The centre of Manchester. Time: The other day.]

A SMALL group of men in Bellhouse Street cluster round the advertisement pages of that morning's *Guardian*.

All wear an anxious look; some have a decidedly haggard appearance. Though their clothes, like themselves, have seen a good deal of rough work, it is evident at a glance that these men do not belong to that too numerous class known as loafers, spongers, cads, and the like.

They may have their faults. It is probable that some of them, at least, may have lost good situations through their own folly. But an intelligent observer can discern at once that illiness and they are not on good terms.

What they want, indeed, is work. Only give them that, and these death-like faces of theirs would be lightened up as with a flash from Heaven.

Here, in this busy Manchester of ours, similar gatherings may be seen any day at the different newspaper offices and in the several public news-rooms, in the hope of stumbling across employment through the advertisements which appear in the papers.

"See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

But, however strongly tempted, I must not follow Burns in the moralising mood into which we are thrown when contemplating "the crowds in every land, all wretched and forlorn," who seek work but cannot find it.

What I have to do with is that batch of half-a-dozen men at the *Guardian* office.

One by one they run down all that appears under the heading of "Situations vacant."

We only need to watch their movements, especially their countenances, in order to realise that they are terribly in earnest. They have been idle for some time; they and theirs are feeling acutely the sharp pinch of poverty. This is by no means the first visit they have paid to the newspaper offices; their hearts are heavy within them as a lump of lead.

If you asked them, kindly and sympathetically, they would tell you that, but for those they love on earth, they would hail Death as a real friend.

Four of them have waded through the closely-printed columns, and, having noted the addresses connected with such of the advertisements as seemed to offer any hope of success, they are off to make the necessary applications—perhaps to fail once more; or, it may be, to carry home with them the only good news that has reached their lowly dwellings for many a long day.

Of the two men still left, one is old—he looks quite sixty; the other is young—he looks twenty-five or twenty-six, though probably both are younger than they appear to be; for kicks and cuffs, and shabby clothes, tell more against a person's appearance than months and years.

They stand close together, shoulder to shoulder, peering over these advertisements with greater anxiety than the merchant, close by, reads his letters, or the general, far off, studies the plan of the next great battle.

"My sight is failing, young man; would you mind reading anything that you think might suit me?" This was said by the old man.

"Certainly," replied the other; "what sort of place are you after?"

"Anything, anything. I am not up to much. I have no trade. But is any light porter or messenger wanted?"

"No; I see nothing of that sort," answered the young man, slowly, as he ran his eyes down the columns. "Can't you go in for something else?" he asked, after a pause.

"I fear not; I once kept a small shoe shop; is there anything of that kind to-day?"

"No; nothing; the shoe trade is as dull as the light-porter trade. Stop. Here is something."

And then the young man read aloud the following advertisements:—

BOOT TRADE.—Wanted, an experienced Clicker for Boys' and Men's Work; reference required.—Apply, &c.

BOOT AND SHOE TRADE.—Wanted, Guttapercha Jobber; good workman.—Apply, &c.

BOOT TRADE.—Wanted, first-class Salesman, must be good window dresser.—Apply, &c.

"None of these will do either," said the other, with a sigh; "you see I am not a practical shoemaker, and I fear I could not dress windows as they need to be dressed in these large towns."

"Ah, well, better luck next time;" and the young man was moving away in the direction of Market Street.

"Have you found anything for yourself?" inquired the old man, following him.

"Nothing; but I must have something soon, for—I'm starving, and I cannot face the Workhouse."

"Heaven knows that I cannot live much longer either at this rate. How I have lived so long I do not know. Since coming to Manchester, four years ago, I have not made more than five shillings a week by small odd jobs. But things are getting even worse."

"What I have gone through the last five or six years is more than I care to think of, let alone tell," observed the young man, with trembling voice. After a pause, he added more firmly: "I would have listed, but they would not have me, as the doctor said I was not strong enough in the chest. I have been on the point of drowning myself before now; and I'll do it yet if matters don't mend soon."

"You must not do that," said the old man, looking eagerly into his companion's face.

"How can I help it? I have not tasted a morsel of food since yesterday morning."

"Dear! dear! I'm badly off in all conscience, but not so bad as that. I have a few coppers left; but come up to the new coffee-house, in Shudehill, and have something."

There was no necessity for pressing the invitation. A hungry man does not stand on ceremony.

Seated in the coffee-house, the old man, becoming communicative, said, not, however, all at one break: "You see I once had a son like you. He went wrong six years ago, and ran away from home. I have never seen or heard of him since. His mother pined and died soon after he left. I was the only one left, and I took to drink, as I thought, to drown my grief. The drink brought me down. My little shoe shop, in a small Yorkshire village, was sold over my head, and I came to Manchester to hide my shame."

The young man, who had been watching the other attentively, said he had a call to make not far off, but he would return in a few minutes; and with that he quitted the room.

In some fifteen minutes one of the servants walked up to the old man and handed him a note, saying it had just been brought into the place.

"I cannot read it, for I am getting old, and my eyes are failing; would you mind running through it for me?"

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

He returned the note to the waiter, who read it as follows:—

"I listened to all you said. How your words touched me! I could not believe it at first—you are so altered. I had heard of mother's death. I had also heard of your misfortunes; but I never dreamed that you were starving as well as myself, and all through me. I could not come back to see you, and look again on your misery, so I send this note. But I am glad we met. It must have been some good angel that brought us together so strangely. Bad angels have had the upper hand over me all through these weary years. Perhaps things have taken a turn now. Perhaps the same power that led us to meet this morning may continue to direct me, and help me a bit. I have been trying to reform, to pull myself together, for months; but no one knows how hard a job that is, except those who try after having gone through all I have gone through since I ran away from under your care. But I mean to do my best, God helping me. I don't care so much for my own sake. I deserve to die and be forgotten. But for your sake, father, I shall do all I can. I am too excited to see you to-day. But will you come to the coffee-house at the same time to-morrow, and meet—Your long-lost Son,
JAMES H—"

The aged man gazed at the waiter like one demented while this letter was being read; and when its concluding words, and his son's name fell on his ears, he sank to the floor in a swoon.

"My son, my son," he said, recovering; "where is he? Did you say he was dead?" And he stared at the persons who had gathered round him.

"No, he is not dead," answered the waiter, gently, lifting him; "he says that he will meet you here to-morrow."

"Yes; he did say that; did he also say that his mother was coming with him?"

He buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child.

"That's a good sign," remarked one of the bystanders; "I feared his mind had gone, but perhaps he's not quite so bad yet."

In an hour or so, though still greatly agitated, he was well enough to return to his miserable lodgings, off Rochdale Road.

Next day the two met as arranged. And such a meeting! The agony and pleasure of the scene I prefer leaving to the sympathetic imagination of the reader.

"I said in my note, father," remarked the son after a time, "'that perhaps the good angels had now taken us under their care.' I almost fancy they have. Last night I slept none. I lay thinking all night. What a different kind of thinking to what I have been used to for years! My thoughts were all of mother and you. I made up my mind to go after a clerk's place this morning. I had no certificates of character. I hadn't the shred of a character. But I had never been actually dishonest. I have plenty of other sins to answer for without that. I went after the place. I told the gentleman all about it. I kept back nothing, which I had done before. I spoke out frankly. I told him of you, and implored him to give me a trial, not for my sake, but for the sake of my suffering and starving father."

Here the speaker broke down completely, and the old man followed his example.

"Well, how did you succeed?" asked the father, when their emotion was got a little under control.

"The gentleman—God bless him!—heard all I had to say, and when I mentioned your name, and told him of your straits, I noticed some tears knocking about his eyes. At last he consented to give me a trial, and I have to begin at once, at 25s. a week. So we may be able to struggle on yet. I, at least, mean to do my best for you, father—to make up lost ground as far as I can."

"Thanks, Jim, thanks; let us hope that the tide has turned, for no one knows, except those placed like ourselves, what a fearful thing it is to be BROKEN-DOWN."

BISHOP FRASER says that a little common sense and some Christian spirit might soon settle the ruinous strike at Bolton. His Lordship ought to be aware, surely, that both these commodities are a drug in the market at present.

HAGUE'S MINSTRELS conclude their very successful season, in the Free Trade Hall, to-morrow.

ALEXANDRA HALL.—Amongst the stars now appearing at this favourite place of amusement are the celebrated *comique*, Mr. Fred Wallingford, Miss Jenny Renforth, and others. For some time there has been a decided improvement in the management and the morale of the establishment. The most respectable person need not hesitate to spend an evening at the Alexandra.

UNPOPULAR SONGS—No. II.

[BY A NEWSBOY.]

HERE y'are, sir, *Evening Mail*, sir; here y'are, sir, *Evening News*; Second 'dition; won't you buy 'em? Come now, please, sir, don't refuse.

Been a standin' here all night, sir, in the rain, and in the cold; And I've got yet half a dozen, and I wants to get 'em sold.

Won't you buy 'em? Yah! I spose yer aint a got a blessed brad. Does yer mother know yer out? Yah! get on home, or else yer dad 'Ill give yer a good wallop in'—like mine does when he's roarin' tight, And finds I aint got eighteen pence to give him every blessed night.

Does he wallop me? Oh, rayther! Don't yer see he's allus drunk. I don't mind so much his tantrums; but what puts me in a funk Is when he goes and wallops mother—she can't dodge as well as me, And he allus lets her have it when he's been on the spree.

Does he ever go to work? Oh, no! he takes good care o' that; For he likes it jest about as much as tarriers likes a rat.

And he lives on me and Sal, and mother, when he aint in jail; For mother goes out washin', and I sells the *Evening News* and *Mail*.

And Sal goes sellin' matches; but that aint a payin' trade, For fifteen pence a week's about the most she's ever made; And mother for her washin' only gets two bob a day; While I must take home eighteen pence each night, or stop away.

You see we makes about a quid, and father takes the lot, And gives us jest a bob a day to pay the baker's shot; Of course, its only bread as we can ever got to eat, And now and then a sojer—but never, never meat.

And times jest now is werry bad, not like they was afore Those Rooshens and them Turkeys went about their little war; For people thinks o' nothin' else, and taint o' no avail, Unless there's some big battle, for to offer *News* or *Mail*.

And then they's so pertickler—they don't want a little fight; Unless there's quite ten thousand killed they thinks it isn't right, And sez that neither *News* or *Mail* is worth a hap'ny each— Not even if they get thrown in a dyin' murderer's speech.

Besides its allus raining now, and people's cross, like bears; They won't stop buyin' papers in the wet, and so they swears Like convicks if I offers 'em the Second *News* or *Mail*; And then I'm walloped jest acause the rain has stopped the sale.

Aint I sick o' sellin' papers? I should rayther think I am; I tell yer what, it's beastly work, and that there aint no flam. I'd like to be a erran' boy, but never will, I spose; 'Cause why, I aint no lernin', and I aint a got no clothes.

Here y'are, sir, Second *Mail*, sir; here y'are, sir, Second *News*; Won't yer have 'em just this once? Oh, please sir, don't refuse— I wants to make my money, for I must go home to night, 'Cause I'm much afeerd for mother if the guv'nor comes back tight.

IT'S ONLY A PAUPER WHOM NOBODY OWNS.

THE grocers and bakers, tailors and builders, shoemakers and booksellers, who constitute the Leigh Board of Guardians, read a lecture to the spiritual overseers of the parish at their last meeting. The Master of the Workhouse reported that religious service was not conducted regularly in that well-regulated institution, whereupon the Board was horrified. The conversation that followed was very creditable to the Board—it was such a beautiful mixture of religious cant and business tact. We scarcely know which to admire most—Mr. Kerfoot's daring discovery that ministers will have to die as well as laymen; or Mr. Penkethman's heroic declaration that the paupers can do very well without the performance altogether; or Mr. Greenough's chivalrous intimation that if a chaplain did not do his work well they could give him the sack. To be under the control of such an intelligent and unanimous Board must, in the estimation of the fortunate paupers, far more than compensate for the absence of spiritual advisers.

WORMALD'S PILLS are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS, Boxes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

THE FUNNY FOLKS OF TYLDESLEY.

TYLDESLEY is a lively place, and the good folk of Tyldesley are passionately fond of fun. Momentous questions are shaking Tyldesley to its very foundations just now, and, as might be expected, the great men of the town are rising equal to the occasion. Mr. Cranshaw, in addition to being clerk to the Local Board, is also clerk to the Burial Board, as well as clerk of the works in connection with the new Cemetery now in course of formation. As clerk and registrar in connection with the Burial Board, Mr. Cranshaw receives £70 per annum; but some members of that distinguished body look upon this munificent sum as too liberal. They furthermore believe that Mr. Cranshaw is altogether unfitted for the post of registrar, inasmuch as he does not take up his quarters in the cemetery, and personally superintend the planting of flowers and the digging of graves there. This—no less—is the vital subject which occupies the thoughts of the Tyldesley people at present, and threatens some day to reduce the whole town to a state of primeval chaos, the same as it has been already in the case of the Burial Board. At the last meeting (Mr. Collier in the chair), Mr. Shuttleworth moved, and Mr. T. Mather seconded, a motion for rescinding the resolution giving Mr. Cranshaw £70 a year. The scene which ensued infinitely transcended anything that could have happened if both the Russians and the Turks had commenced to bombard the important town of Tyldesley simultaneously. The report of what took place occupies three long columns in the *Leigh Chronicle*—which, we are told, had a tremendous run last week—but we shall try to reproduce the thing in shorter space. When the bombardment was at its height—

The Chairman said Mr. Cranshaw was clearly not appointed registrar. He was appointed clerk to the Burial Board.

Mr. Wright: I contend he is not overpaid, and you must allow me to show how he is not overpaid.

Mr. Shuttleworth: I think he should be kept to the Burial Board business. (Confusion.)

Mr. Cockshout: He is taking his own case and explaining it.

Mr. Wright: Will you chalk out what I am to say? (Confusion.)

The Chairman: I must chalk you to salary; not to go into general salary.

Mr. Wright: It is simply, in my opinion, a question of salary, and you said it was a question of salary.

The Chairman: It is a question of salary of the Board.

Mr. Wright: You should not show your party spirit in that way; it is abominable. (Uproar.)

Mr. Jervis: Mr. Silcock talked of Adam and Eve, but I do not think the Board wants anything to do with Adam and Eve. (Laughter.) I think it was a weak point that induced him to bring that in. (Laughter.)

Mr. Cockshout: Perhaps you do not believe in them.

Mr. Jervis: If that gentleman intends being chairman, we had better put him in. (Laughter.)

Mr. Wright (warmly): Any one but the present one. (Confusion.)

The Chairman: Now, Mr. Wright, we cannot allow that sort of thing.

Mr. Ramsden said Mr. Shuttleworth might have stated that his resolution was to reduce the clerk's salary by £70.

Mr. Wright: Certainly.

Mr. T. Mather: It is not true. (Confusion.)

Mr. Jervis: That's an insinuation. (Confusion.)

Mr. T. Mather: It is.

Mr. Ramsden: The proposition is an insinuation on the face of it.

Mr. Jervis wanted to know how Mr. Wright could say the attempt was to reduce the salary.

Mr. Wright: You did not intend it, then? (Laughter.)

Mr. Jervis: Now, Mr. Wright, I don't want to say you are Mr. Wrong.

Mr. Wright: You can say what you like. (Laughter.)

Mr. Jervis: I don't think he's always right. He's wrong sometimes.

Mr. Shuttleworth regretted he was not such a good speaker as Mr. Silcock; in fact, his speeches were inimitable. It was the speaker's misfortune that he could not make a speech. He considered the money in question had been smuggled into the pockets of the clerk.

Mr. Wright: Our clerk will feel quite impartial in listening to that. (A laugh.)

Mr. C. E. Wright: I think the word "smuggled" should be withdrawn. It's a gross attack on the Board. (Confusion.)

Mr. Shuttleworth: I call on the Chairman to stop Mr. Wright.

Mr. Wright (ironically): The Chairman will act impartially. (Great uproar.)

The Chairman: I cannot allow these remarks.

Mr. Wright (ironically): I'm sure he'll act impartially. (Great excitement.)

Mr. Shuttleworth essayed to make some remarks, which the uproar rendered inaudible.

Mr. Cockshout: Has that anything to do with the Burial Board?

Several Voices: Let the Chairman rule. (Great uproar.)

Mr. Wright: The Chairman will act impartially.

Mr. Shuttleworth: Am I in order?

Mr. Cockshout: No; you are not in order. I have told you that.

Mr. T. Mather: Oh, dear! dear! (Great uproar.)

The Chairman: You must stick to the question of salary, Mr. Shuttleworth.

Mr. Cockshout: Why didn't you tell him so before? You could have told him ten minutes ago.

Mr. Wright: The Chairman is incompetent entirely. He cannot keep order.

Mr. Jervis: I think the Chairman is out of order in allowing an expression of that character. If Mr. Wright had made use of that expression to me as Chairman, I would cut him to pieces.

The Chairman (vehemently): Silence, Mr. Jervis. (Great uproar.) It's abominable.

And so on. In the end, however, the motion was carried, and unhappy Mr. Cranshaw was deprived at one fell swoop of the office of registrar, with his salary of £70, by seven votes against six. But the question is not settled yet, for Mr. Ramsden threatens to re-open the entire subject at the very next meeting of the Board. We hope Mr. Cranshaw will send the *Jackdaw* an invitation to be present, and if he cannot attend himself he will at least send his P. D., who richly enjoys scenes of this sort, and often wonders why the public bodies of Manchester and Salford should be less amusing than those of Tyldesley. The *Jackdaw* was successful in settling the Happy Land dispute at Pendlebury; and he is prepared, if properly approached, to proffer his invaluable services in reference to the Burial Board quarrel at Tyldesley.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

[BY W. TOUCHSTONE, ESQ.]

THE *Jackdaw*'s a bird as I loves—
His peck is as kindly as dove's;
Nor rough nor yet rude wi' his claws—
Who enjoys not his weekly caw-caws?

Though 'mongst others he roosts alone,
And makes us poor Tories atone
For all our transgressions; yet he,
On my oath, is the bird for me.

Pray don't go and print this in full,
For I'm not yet quite the fool
To raise in our Club the loud laugh
That would greet me as one of your staff.

Still, as before, you'll have the tips
Of all our nasty Tory tricks;
For, sure, we're but a sorry crew—
All this, of course, 'tween me and you.

THE THEATRES.

NO actors are received by Manchester play-goers more cordially than Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who are now fulfilling a fortnight's engagement at the Prince's. A cheery voice and kindly eye made us his friends the first time he came among us; and to the present generation of young men, or, we fear we must write it, of approaching-middle-aged ones, Madge Robertson is the bright particular star of theatrical memory. She is the first love of half of us, and if now ten years older than she was ten years ago, so are we; and as mad as ever, we rush off to the Prince's Theatre as soon as we hear that our old enchantress is once more in our midst. The play of the whole week has been *A Scrap of Paper*, a comedy bright and lively enough of its sort, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal sustain, not the chief parts only, but we may almost say all the parts, though there are a dozen characters. But it was not in little plays like this that Miss Robertson won our hearts. Twenty years or so hence, when, with our upstart son, we shall witness the rising actress of 1900, we can hear ourselves saying, in such words as have been addressed to us often enough, "Yes, boy, it's very good, no doubt, but you never saw Miss Robertson's 'Rosalind.'" As a pretty, bright, lady-like person "Susan Hartley" is all that we desire, but it is as our "Rosalind," as "Lady Teazle," as "Miss Hardcastle" that we shall always remember Miss Robertson, and that, after this rest with *Scraps of Paper* and *Uncle's Wills*, we hope to see her again.—At the Royal *Henry the Eighth*, and at the Queen's Rose Hersee's Opera Company have attracted good houses.

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NOTICE.

With this week's *City Jackdaw* is presented a PORTRAIT OF MRS. ABEL HEYWOOD, the Mayoress of Manchester.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter Street, Manchester. TO-NIGHT, Mr. Fred Wallingford; Brothers Purcell; Miss Jenny Renforth; Mr. J. H. Rowan; Miss Bertha Athey; Brothers Poole; Mr. Will Hicks; Mr. Chris. Benson; Mr. Joe Brown, and other Artists. Prices 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

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WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT, according to the latest news from the seat of war, the master and operative joiners are entrenching themselves, in view of a prolonged resistance.

That a winter campaign has been decided upon.

That winter quarters are being prepared for the men, but—how about the women and children?

That the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily Telegraph* think more of Allah now than ever.

That the British public think less of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily Telegraph* now than ever.

That the entries for the Municipal Stakes are particularly promising this year.

That the French Government have nominated 298 Bonapartists, 131 Legitimists, 83 Orleanists, and 60 Republicans as their Candidates.

That, nevertheless, Macmahon still says his wish is to preserve the Republic!

That whom the gods mean to destroy they first make mad.

That J. W. Maclure, Esq., has been congratulated over and over again this week on his pretty lines in the *Jackdaw*.

That, having made such a successful *début*, he intends to go in for the poet's laurels after this.

That Mr. Hugh Birley, who is the Conservative M.P. (No. 1) for Manchester, and Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, who is to be the Conservative M.P. (No. 2) for the same, will address their friends on the 11th instant.

That Mr. Houldsworth is one of the foremost orators of the day.

That his powers of speech are all but equal to those of Mr. Birley himself.

That both the one and the other can simply electrify an audience—notably a Tory audience.

That if you want to be well treated you should go to the Victoria Hotel Luncheon Bar.

That it was a capital idea of Councillor Little to get up a dinner to himself.

That it is to be hoped it will help him with the Ward on the 1st.

That the Mayor of Manchester would have been wiser not to have gone

That if he had not gone the *City News* could not have made him impeach the honesty of the Corporation.

That it is absurd to suppose that the Mayor said all was not honest in the Corporation.

QUEEN BESS.

I LOOKED on the medal by Councillor Brown—
Himself a medallion the smoothest in town—
And the medal was golden, and pleasant, and yellow,
And the effigies *alto relievo* and mellow.

Now, Councillor, what went ye forth then to do?

That's precisely the question I put unto you;

A double fac'd medal is quite *comme il faut*,

But double-fac'd effigies, Councillor—No!

The Councillor stagger'd a moment in doubt

Lest any relation should know he was out;

And he said, my good poeter, cannot you see,

'Tis the Mayor and his Missis, united—edlee?

'Tis Abel, the monarch, with bonnie Queen Bess;

The family circle, no more, and no less;

Complimentary coin for our monarch to-day,

Since William and Mary have drifted away.

That clear definition by Councillor Soap

Crash'd into the *Jackdaw* like bull of a Pope;

The twain had been properly plac'd side by side—

Whom Soapsey hath *joined* let no bird divide.

The Daw cries peccavi, for missing the point,

And would not for the world prince and princess disjoint;

That bird croaks apologies out by the score,

And, forgiven this once, will not sin any more.

He gives in this number the Mayoress alone,

Not link'd with her lord in an aureate zone;

But link'd with him always when men shall recal

The triumphs which ope'd our Municipal Hall.

Then up with your banners and toss them in air,

Red roses of Lancaster mass'd in the Square;

And let every man-Jack in his conscience confess

His fealty to Abel and bonnie Queen Bess.

BE it known unto all gamblers that Sir John Iles Mantell holds the three-card trick to be a game of skill, and, therefore, not within the meaning of the Act—they are at liberty, therefore, to deceive, cheat, and rob Her Majesty's subjects as much as they please within the jurisdiction of the said Sir John. God save the Queen!

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MR. TOUCHSTONE SITS ON US.

WE are much obliged to Mr. W. Touchstone for answering our appeal so promptly. Last week, it may be remembered, we published a short article under the heading "Who'll Buy? Who'll Buy?" After stating the fact that the Government had been offering for sale, and were still prepared to sell, several Church livings in Northumberland and Cumberland—livings that were taken from the Radcliffe family when the third Earl of Derwentwater lost his head in 1716—we concluded as follows:—"Perhaps Mr. Touchstone, or the Church Defence Association, will inform us how it comes to pass that the Government, which is supposed to represent the people, can traffic in these livings if they do not belong to the whole of us, Nonconformists as well as Churchmen. Honest men do not generally sell goods, or attempt to sell goods, which are not theirs." Mr. Touchstone, with almost more than his usual courtesy and alacrity, rushed into the fray on Saturday, at the annual meeting of the Albert Memorial Church Defence Association. In our gratitude for what followed we forgive him for first of all referring to us as "a weekly print," and giving to his hearers an inaccurate description of our private affairs. Gentlemen are not in the habit of troubling themselves with the private concerns of others; and even Mr. Touchstone could not tempt us to imitate his example. As to the other matter, this defender of the Church can do neither himself nor his cause any good by indulging in any contemptuous sneers respecting those who conscientiously differ from him. But we let that pass, especially as, after all, Mr. Touchstone may have given us our proper title; for rumour has it that the *Courier* reporters have a style of their own in recording any allusion which may be made to their contemporaries. Even though that should turn out to have been the case in the present instance, we should also pardon the *Courier* for refusing to give us the benefit of its circulation; for, but for it, we would not have possessed such an excellent report of what Mr. Touchstone was kind enough to say in reply to our challenge. After reading nearly the whole of our article, Mr. Touchstone went on to say, according to the invariably reliable reports which appear in the *Courier*:—

"They would notice that the statement was over a hundred years old, and he should like, therefore, to ask one simple question—Where have these Church livings been in the interval? Had they been doing duty as Churches ever since? He took it that they had. In the first place, the whole of the property of the Earl of Derwentwater was confiscated. This was an exceptional thing to begin with, and it was said that exceptional cases proved rules; so if it were true that this property was confiscated, and the money realised by it received by the State, it would only be an exceptional thing—it would not prove that all Church property had to go to the State. But they had no proof that it did go to the State. The only proof was that at the time referred to the State wanted to get rid of these livings that had been in its gift, and that it offered them for sale. The Churches, however, would continue to be Churches in the Establishment. The livings alone were sold, and the money realised would have to go into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the benefit of the Church. That made all the difference. Let them take another point. These churches were confiscated 162 years ago, so that the fact of their turning up now was a proof, if proof were required, that they had never been alienated from the Church, though the gift of the livings had been alienated from the Derwentwater family."

Now, we know that Mr. W. Touchstone is a clever man. If he was not, he would not occupy his present proud position as the great defender of the Church in Lancashire. Consequently, his reply to our own little contribution to the Church-and-State controversy must be able. With that *primâ facie* conviction we turn to his speech again, satisfied that ability, cleverness, and ingenuity must be lurking in it somewhere, if we can only discover it. What do we find, then, on this second reading? Mr. Touchstone implores his audience to notice that the statement "was over a hundred years old." We beg his pardon. The statement was by no means so venerable, the bare truth being that it was made exactly a week ago. Very likely, however, the speaker was simply misreported here; and we have no desire to take any advantage on that account. What Mr. Touchstone doubtless meant was, that over a hundred years have elapsed since the livings passed out of the hands of the Radcliffes and came into those of the Government. But surely that does not change the case. We argued that as the whole of the Earl of Derwentwater's property was lost to his heirs and became the property of the nation at the same time that he lost his head, it was competent for the nation to deal with that property exactly as it pleased ever afterwards.

The present Government would appear to labour under the same notion; for, as we said, they are exposing in the public market, to the highest bidder, these Church livings which form part of the confiscated possessions. We ventured to express it as our opinion that honest men did not in a general way attempt to sell what was not theirs, and we pointed out that in this, as in a good many other matters, the Government are supposed to represent, and act on behalf of, the people, Nonconformists as well as Churchmen. Mr. Touchstone does not need to be told that the people, if they pleased, could stop this proposed sale of these Church livings. If the people, Nonconformists and Churchmen alike, are not masters everywhere, they are the masters here, at least. They can hack these livings through every exchange in the world, if they choose, till they find a buyer; or, if so minded, they can continue to retain them in their own hands. But Mr. Touchstone says that, even if they were disposed of, the proceeds would go to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the benefit of the Church. "That," he significantly and triumphantly added, "made all the difference." Indeed. Who informed Mr. Touchstone that the money-value of the livings would tend in that direction? It was the Admiralty Department of the Government which was offering them for sale, and, instead of Mr. Touchstone's theory being the correct one, the hard cash realised by the transaction would probably have gone towards the construction of another ironclad. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, forsooth! Too much public money is under their control already for the nation willingly to give them a larger supply to-day. Mr. Touchstone, driven to his wit's end, contends that although the livings were sold the Churches themselves would continue to be Churches in the Establishment. They might, or they might not. The Churches are State Churches the same as the livings are State livings; and those who can sell the latter to-day might to-morrow lay waste the former, or hand them over to the Mahometans. Mr. Touchstone had better try again.

WHAITE'S FINE ART GALLERY.

MR. WHAITE'S annual autumnal exhibition of water-colour drawings and sketches, which has occupied so prominent a position in the world of art for the past twelve years, is now open for the season, at the Fine Art Gallery, Bridge Street, Manchester, and is certainly well worthy a visit from patrons and lovers of art. Amongst the 800 works contained in the gallery there may be a few of but questionable ability to the eye of a connoisseur, but the bulk of the pictures quite sustain the reputation which Mr. Whaite has acquired for the past dozen years in this annual catering for the artistic needs of this art-loving community. There must be in a collection of some 800 paintings a few pot-boilers; but, as there is no accounting for taste, even these will doubtless find eager purchasers. We are not altogether an artistic nation, as our continental neighbours and candid friends often tell us, and as we can see every day for ourselves; but still a minority, shall we say, have some modicum of cultivated taste, and are not altogether insensible to the *perfidium ingenium* even in matters of art. To such we would say, go and see Mr. Whaite's gallery and judge for yourselves. If you do not like the Manchester school, with its low tones, you will see samples of other schools, perhaps more in accordance with your tastes. Rembrandt shadows, Turnerian sunsets, Preraphaelite effects, Dutch interiors, French airiness; every style has its representative here, and therefore every taste can be supplied. There is one word of justice, however, which we cannot refrain from awarding to the collection; but whether this can be considered a word of praise as well we must leave the public to decide. It is that all the works are originals. We do not care to inquire too closely whether a good copy is preferable to a bad original, but certainly it is well to know that if there is any fault it must be laid at the door of the painter, and cannot be shelved on to other shoulders. Thus it is that we must take the exhibition with its shortcomings as well as its excellencies, remembering that it is not so much a picked exhibition of works of art as a collection of pictures for sale, and, therefore, like a net cast into the sea, contains "things good and bad." In a collection so numerous as the present one, it is impossible to enumerate every object of excellence, so we must content ourselves with a general survey, and when we name some of the artists, we shall, we feel quite convinced, afford a ready index to the general excellence of the collection. Provaggi, J. Whaite, Tom Lloyd, H. J. Boddy, Paul Marney, J. Holding, Drummond, J. Renshaw, Orlando

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Norrie, Moxon Cook, Caspar Holding, Bartolini, Bernard Evans, Wm. Morton, McArthur, J. A. Benwell, George Hayes, H. H. Hadfield, C. J. Robinson, and other well-known artists, all of whom have samples in the exhibition, are quite sufficient to indicate its general character. The artistic world has almost gone mad about Miss Thompson's pictures, but whether the patronage of the Prince of Wales will give her any permanent fame is a very moot point. We are directed to this train of thought by a study of the pictures of Mr. Orlando Norrie on military subjects, which to our mind are quite equal to those of Miss Thompson, and merit a more lasting fame. The Holding Family come well to the fore—a picture of Rush-gatherers on Chat Moss, by Mr. J. Holding, being distinguished by a depth of colour and feeling which marks the consummate artist. The same artist also exhibits some carefully-drawn fruit; whilst domestic fowls by Mr. Caspar Holding show a mastery of colouring which is indicative of future distinction. A view of Grasmere, from the pencil of J. Renshaw, is remarkable for its depth of tone, and several sketches of Barmouth, by Mr. J. Whaithe, evince careful study. We were pleased to notice several paintings by Mr. W. Morton, which show considerable power. Mr. J. Renshaw has been able to extract several good pictures from the scenery of the Irwell. There was one picture, however, of Walton-le-dale, by E. Wade, which possesses considerable merit, but which is rather too dry in outline, and contains several figures unskillfully introduced. We would ask Mr. C. E. Brittain to go to Belle Vue before he paints another tiger; and we should also advise Mr. F. Rayner to study the mellowing effect of time before he next attempts a medieval interior. There are many other paintings worthy of notice.

THE LILY TESTIMONIAL.

TO gild refined gold, to paint the Lily, Shakspeare tells us, "Is wasteful and ridiculous excess;" but even "The Divine Williams," as the Welshman called the immortal bard, could hardly have supposed that such a Lily as the Brazilian Vice-Consul could or would bloom in Back Piccadilly. In July, 1873, through the stoppage of a large Liverpool client, Mr. John Lily was obliged to ask the forbearance of his creditors, to whom he was indebted some £23,000. At the first meeting, Mr. Henry Marriott presided, and took occasion to say how much the creditors really felt for Mr. Lily in his sudden and enforced position, and how pleased the greater part of them would be at once to renew their confidence in him, and in the meantime were willing to accept the promise of whatever dividend the estate could reasonably afford to pay. The result was that at that time 9s. in the pound was offered and accepted, and all old scores were considered cancelled. Happily, however, for Mr. Lily, fortune has again smiled upon him. About two months ago he paid his trade creditors the balance of 11s., making the 20s. in full. This sort of thing, though rarely done, is not absolutely unknown amongst merchants both in England and on the continent. In Hamburg, we believe, it is the custom to record the name and date of such an event in letters of gold, on a board conspicuously placed in the Exchange. The manufacturers and cotton spinners who met at Mr. Cockshott's warehouse, in Portland Street, last Thursday, thought they could more fittingly, if less ostentatiously, celebrate the event by presenting Mr. Lily with a pair of silver claret jugs, engraved with Greek figures, on a matted ground, and a magnificent silver Greek bowl, with an oxidized *bas-relief* of the Elgin marbles round the upper part. The bowl is gilt inside, and on the outside is engraved Mr. Lily's coat-of-arms, and a suitable inscription. The whole is mounted on ebony pedestals, and fitted in an oak case, in Messrs. Elkington's best style, at a cost of about 120 guineas. Mr. Cockshott acted as convener of the meeting, which, as we have said, took place at his warehouse. Among those present were Mr. Crum, Mr. Adams (Messrs. Inglis and Wakefield), Mr. Bryce Smith, Mr. Hy. Marriott, Mr. C. Hulton, Mr. Lot Gardiner, Mr. J. B. Wilson, Mr. Cockshott, and Mr. Smith. Mr. Geo. H. Midwood, in his bland and genial manner, made the presentation on behalf of the donors. Those who were present will not readily forget the few words of gratitude that Mr. Lily was able to say in reply. They were such as to make more than one or two think, with the poet, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Perhaps it might have struck some people that if the Exchange Committee had entrusted "The Master" with the arrangements for the presentation it would have taken place a little nearer the top of Portland Street, and under the shelter of the ominous letters *QUEENS*. However, the speeches were short, the liquor and company good, and both donors and recipient well pleased; so, who shall grumble?

KNOX-LITTLE AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

WHenever you see a crowd round the doors of a Manchester Church, it is safe to conclude that something very special indeed must be going on inside. I do not wish unnecessarily to depreciate the piety of the city, but I cannot help remarking that I have observed people, as a rule, to be much more anxious to get out of Church than to get into it. They go from a more or less strong sense of duty, and they come away with a decided sense of relief that the business is over, at least, for another week. But this is not simply because they have utterly fallen away from grace, as many neglected parsons might be disposed to believe. With all the submission in the world, I should like to hint that it is to a great extent the fault of the parsons themselves if their flock either stay away from Church altogether, or look upon their weekly attendance as an irksome concession to respectability. People do go to Church or Chapel very willingly if they are sure that when they get there something worth hearing will be told them, a fact which has been very strikingly illustrated this week. I will venture to say that never since the parish Church of St. Peter, commonly called Manchester Cathedral, was rebuilt, has it enclosed within its walls so many people as assembled there on Tuesday night. It is not necessary to inquire whether the working classes generally felt that they particularly needed the special service which Dean Cowie had arranged for them. Whatever was the reason, they accepted the Dean's invitation in such numbers as must rather have astonished, and perhaps a little mortified, those ardent Protestants who decried the whole thing because a gentleman obnoxious to them had been selected to preach. The service was announced to begin at half-past seven, so I went down at seven, thinking to get a good place. But so many others had gone early with the same intention that the place was already full, and the doors closed, while a crowd of at least five hundred persons were standing outside, in the hope that the portals would again open. Later on, many of us managed to get in at one of the side doors leading into the choir, and some were fortunate enough to get into the nave. Such a sight as that presented is not often seen in a church. Not only were the choir, and the chapel at the top of the aisles, where no one could see or hear anything, filled with a dense mass, but boys and men had actually climbed up the screen and perched themselves there as if they were waiting for the passage of a procession. It was unfortunate, but perhaps unavoidable, that at least half of the people in the Church did not belong to the working classes, and I could not help thinking that they had better have stayed away on that occasion, for, as they could go early, while the man who does not leave his work till six o'clock hardly had time to go home to tea and change his clothes by seven o'clock, it followed that numbers of working men, for whom the service was specially intended, could not get in, owing to their places being filled by people who were not invited. Some of the men came in their working clothes, but these were only in small proportion. Going to Church is so serious and unusual an affair for a good many working men that they consider themselves bound to put on "go-to-meeting" garments on such an occasion.

I don't know how far the fact that the Rev. Mr. Knox-Little was announced to preach was the cause of this extraordinary attendance, or whether the agitation which has been got up against him conduced to defeat the aim which the promoters of the agitation apparently had in view. Probably the latter consideration had something to do with it, if only by way of advertising the service. Into the merits of the controversy—if such it may be called—between the Dean and Mr. Little, on the one hand, and the Protestants, of whom the *Courier* is the mouthpiece, on the other, I have no intention to enter. This much may be said, that during an eloquent address, of an hour's duration, the preacher said not one single word to which any Christian could take exception, and, indeed, from what he then said, it would have been impossible to discover to which party of the Church Mr. Little belongs. The cloven foot of Ritualism may have been there, but the wooden panels of the pulpit effectually concealed it, and it was not once brought to the view of the congregation. As to the eloquence and beauty of the address, not even his bitterest opponents could have denied the preacher's triumph. It is a trite and almost a cant phrase to say that a speaker kept his audience spell-bound; but it was never used with more truth than on the present occasion. Exactly appropriate, full of energy and life, abounding in splendid and yet simple imagery, impassioned in its eloquence, dramatic in its fervour, and couched in the purest and most vigorous Saxon, the

W. ARONSBERG, Optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, 12, Victoria Street, Manchester.

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MRS ABEL HEYWOOD.
(THE MAYORESS.)

address was one such as I—who am very *biased* on the matter of public speeches—have not often heard equalled. There must surely have been something out of the common in a sermon to which hundreds, and even thousands, of people—a great many of whom were standing in the most uncomfortable positions, and amidst such a stifling heat that two or three persons fainted—could listen for a whole hour in the deepest and most impressive silence.

It is not difficult to understand why Mr. Little is the rising hope of the High Church party, not only in Manchester, but in a far larger sphere. Disagreeing with nearly all his doctrines, I am bound to confess my conviction that if there is any man in England likely to ensure the success of those doctrines it is he. Of his earnestness there can be no doubt; of his honesty I have as little; and as to his genuine power there can hardly be two opinions. That he is a power amongst a large section of the middle classes in Manchester has been demonstrated years ago; that he is also becoming a power with the working classes the recent Manchester mission and the service on Tuesday night conclusively show. If he will believe that an outsider may give good advice, I would tell him that he might increase his efficiency—so to speak—still further without much trouble. He is now a fine and eloquent speaker; he might become an orator—I might almost say a great orator. But if he is to do this he really must not speak so fast as he does now. His speeches and sermons bristle with “points,” but he rattles them out at such a rate that his audience have never time to seize them. It is not easy for a man to curb his tongue when his head and heart are full, but there is no reason why he should say less because he says it more slowly. But perhaps Mr. Little's chief defect is, that when he does speak slowly he still adheres to that monotonous sing-song kind of tone which makes the reading and preaching of most clergymen absolutely insufferable to a sensitive ear. In his higher and more rapid flights of eloquence this defect almost disappears; but this is only momentary, and the old absurd habit—I say absurd, because I know the reason why clergymen are trained to it—comes over him again, and if it were not for the matter the manner would send us to sleep—as it does with most preachers. These are defects easy to remedy, but a third is not so easy. This is the lack of concentration. He says the same thing twice, often several times—in different phraseology, of course, but still conveying the same idea. He deprives his sermons of much of their effect by making them too long. I do not mean that there is much, excepting the repetitions, that should be omitted; but it is always a great mistake to put too great a strain on the attention of an audience, especially if the sermon is one that requires to be closely followed. As a rule, it is unsafe to speak or preach for more than twenty minutes, or half an hour; and I think I pay no small compliment to Mr. Little when I say that he and Mr. John Bright, and one or two others, are about the only local men that a Manchester audience would listen to for longer. However, I have done with criticism, which is very easy, but not to me always pleasant, and I will only say, in conclusion, that the working classes will not go far wrong if they never follow worse teaching than that given them by Mr. Little.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMSON AMONG THE PROPHETS.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMSON has gone over to Miss Lydia Becker. Not only has he become a woman's-rights man, but he actually propounds the staggering theory that in the distant future the man may develop into the woman, and the woman sink into the man. In opening the session at Owens College, this week, the learned Professor read what the reporters describe as an able paper on “The Theory of Evolution;” and in conclusion, we read, he referred to the question of the existence of useless organisms in certain animals, such as—if the ladies would pardon him—the nipples on a man's breast. They were not very much in the way, but they were of no use. In the case of such organisms the evolutionists said that either they were the remains of organisms that were of use in some time past, or that they were the rudiments of organisms that would be of use in time to come. He thought they had no difficulty in concluding that there never was a time in the history of man in which these organisms were of any use to him, and they might, therefore, throw overboard that part of the explanation. But what were they to say about the future? Since evolution had not furnished us with a third explanation, he supposed we must arrive at the conclusion that a time would come when the husband would share in the responsibilities of the nursery, and the wife be set

free to enter upon parliamentary and other duties, resulting from her newly-acquired women's rights. These scientific gentlemen will say, and do, strange things. Some time ago an eminent surgeon startled society by declaring that tails were of no use to what are called the lower animals; and now a distinguished Professor seriously assures a select company of Manchester ladies and gentlemen that the nipples on a man's breast are, so far, a huge mistake. What next? What next? Will some one of our numerous medical or scientific contributors be good enough to tell us?

THE MAYOR AND HIS SLANDERERS.

“THE Mayor of Manchester and his Slanderers” is the title of a penny pamphlet, published by Messrs. Tubbs and Brook, of Market Street; and as His Worship's detractors are still at work, it may be well to mention that this publication contains what we believe to be a complete and correct account of his connection with *The Poor Man's Guardian*. Mr. Heywood was neither a contributor to, nor the proprietor of, that paper. It belonged to Mr. Henry Hetherington, of London, and Mr. Heywood, in the way of business, was simply the agent for its sale in Manchester, the same as he was, and is, the agent for many other things which may not be exactly to his liking. With what appeared in the paper he had no more to do than that distinguished personage, the MAN IN THE MOON. Nor had the prosecution anything to do with the contents of *The Poor Man's Guardian*. Mr. Heywood was prosecuted, not because he sold a disloyal paper, but because he sold a paper which was not stamped. He was fined £48, or four months' imprisonment, and he went to gaol. “Yet,” says the writer of the pamphlet, “after the flogging and imprisoning of Hetherington, Heywood, and seven-hundred-and-fifty other booksellers, the Court of Queen's Bench decided that *The Poor Man's Guardian* was not a newspaper within the meaning of the Act. So that Mr. Heywood suffered four months' imprisonment for doing that which he had full right to do, legally and morally.”

In the end, as we know, the Government were compelled, first, to reduce the stamp, and afterwards to abolish it altogether—a result the advantages of which we all enjoy to-day, even the Mayor's detractors, and for which we and they have to thank men like Mr. Abel Heywood. “The friends of Mr. Heywood,” the writer proceeds, “were determined that, in this matter, there should be even-handed justice. They thought that if one bookseller was to be indicted for selling a cheap pamphlet, in which the writer might have used strong or even indefensible language, the retailers of dearer and more fashionable blasphemy should not escape. Accordingly they caused copies of Shelley's works to be bought from four leading booksellers in the town, namely:—Mr. George Simms, St. Ann's Square; Messrs. Hayward and Co., Exchange Street; Mr. Charles Ambury, Market Street; and Mr. Thomas Sowler, the publisher of the organ of the Tory party, the *Manchester Courier*. When the enemies of the free press found themselves thus checkmated, they were of course terribly annoyed. The grand jury returned true bills against the five booksellers, and in the end a nominal judgment was recorded, but never enforced!”—largely, we believe, through the influence of Mr. Heywood himself. “The working-men of this generation,” again to quote the pamphlet, “owe a deep debt of gratitude to men like Mr. Abel Heywood who struggled and suffered for them when their cause was unpopular. They will not fail to distinguish between the fair-weather friends who flatter them now and those who have spent themselves in their service.” And, perhaps, now that we are on this subject, it may be as well to quote Mr. Heywood's own defence. Speaking at a meeting some short ago, he said:—

“I hope that there are some working men who will remember the reason for which I was prosecuted, viz., trying to free the press of the country from the Stamp Act, from which it then suffered. In 1832 up to 1837 the newspapers of this country were sold at 7d. each; not a single newspaper was to be got under that price. The people of the present day have the advantage of a free press at one penny, for which great boon it is due to myself and the 750 men who worked with me. It is owing to those men, along with myself, that the press occupies the position which it does at this hour. I cannot let the work of slander go on. For my part, I glory in the connection which I had in the struggle for the press, and if I were to live 500 years I should glory in it.”

We make no appeal to the Mayor's slanderers. That might be vain; but we do warn them that Mr. Heywood's friends may be compelled to turn upon them again, as they did half-a-century ago, and see what the law can accomplish in the way of making them mend their manners.

NOTTINGHAM JOTTINGS.

[BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.]

ONE of the speakers at the Nottingham educational and political demonstration last week claimed Mr. Gladstone as half a Nottinghamshire man. This was nothing more than a figure of speech, but some of the readers of the daily papers would be puzzled at the references by other speakers to the right hon. gentleman's connection with the lace capital. Mr. Gladstone is one of the trustees of the late Duke of Newcastle, who owned extensive property in and about Nottingham, and in the conduct of his trust the ex-premier has been as liberal and just and considerate as he is on his own estate at Hawarden.

The right hon. gentleman was fortunate in his hosts. The Duke and Duchess of St. Alban's are happy in their own virtues through the admiration of their neighbours, and if it was possible to add to the warmth with which, for his own sake, the people of Nottingham would always welcome him, his entertainer, before all people, could do so. We noticed amongst the admiring crowds at Nottingham a fair sprinkling of working and prominent politicians, from distant towns. Not a few of Mr. Gladstone's ardent followers in Manchester were delighted to be there, and to witness the triumphant gathering in the Skating Rink. They could not hope, of course, to be entertained by their Graces of St. Alban's, but some of them were made equally happy at the Grace-pole, by the ministrations of the "Three Graces," whose charms adorn that excellent hostelry under the new and genial proprietor.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Gladstone's latest and most emphatic utterance on the Eastern Question at the evening meeting, had a treat, which, even in a modified form, was denied to our friends at a distance, for the speech, where it has been reported at all completely, has appeared piecemeal. This, in these days of rapid, full, and fresh reporting, is a circumstance so surprising that the explanation will be read with interest. The speech was delivered early—shortly after six o'clock in fact—and the reporters handed in their copy at an unprecedentedly early hour. That for the Manchester dailies was all in the hands of the telegraph department by twenty minutes past eight o'clock, but the local telegraphic staff was quite incompetent to deal with the matter, and our own newspapers, like those of other towns to which reports had to be telegraphed, did not receive their complete message in time for next morning's publication.

It is only just to say that there was no fault at this end, and the efficient department in York Street, which Mr. J. Hall conducts with so much credit to himself and satisfaction to the public, did its work, as it always does, well and promptly; but owing to the absence from Nottingham of those clear-headed and experienced members of the special telegraph staff who are usually sent from London in the wake of prominent politicians—excepting when they visit Manchester, Bradford, or Birmingham, where Mr. Hall, Mr. Gilpin, and Mr. Herbert are equal to any emergency—a most deplorable break-down occurred, the like of which the postal telegraph department has never been guilty of. Had Mr. Algar, or Mr. Johnson, gone down from London, taking with them half-a-dozen "punchers" and the necessary instruments, all would have gone right; but, for the sake of a few pounds, the department has been disgraced, and the newspapers and the public most grievously disappointed.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

WE take the following interesting and captivating announcement from the *Examiner*:

AN Orphan Young Lady, considered good looking, Desires an Introduction to Young Gentleman in a fair position; view, Matrimony; has an annuity of £190; strictly bona fide;—Address, with Carte, A. LIGHTBURN, Post Office, Leigh, Lancashire.

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A most remarkable indication of the "hard times" now prevailing in Lancashire, and part of Cheshire, is to be found in the fact that one of the most opulent firms in this district, Messrs. J. S. Buckley and Co., Ryecroft Mills, Ashton-under-Lyne, have found it desirable to dispense with the services of an old and valued servant, who has been 45 years in their

employment. Those of our readers who may happen to know the venerable, but hearty, Mr. Houghton, will agree with us that at fourscore it is too late to start again.

SCIENCE is at a discount in these days, notwithstanding Darwinism, Tyndallism, Fraserism, Williamism, Beckerism, and all the other Individualisms put together. The British Association meeting at Plymouth was a failure, and the Social Science Congress at Aberdeen was ditto. More than that, the latter body, not having received a single invitation, cannot find a resting-place for the sole of its foot next year.

WHEN Dr. McKerrow said grace before the dinner to the Mayor at the Reform Club, on Wednesday evening, he spoke so long, and made such an excellent speech on municipal reform and social advancement, that several gentlemen forgot that he was merely asking a blessing, and cried out "hear, hear" instead of "amen" when he finished. But what's the odds? The meaning is pretty much the same.

WIRE PULLERS AT WORK.

[Time: Night. Scene: A snug corner in the Conservative Club.]

CROSTON: The hour has come, but not the men.
Touchstone: Patience, James, they will not fail us. Seriously, between ourselves, what do you think of Houldsworth's chance?
Croston: It's absolutely nil; but tell it not in Gath.

Stutter: These are my sentiments. He's no speaker, and lacks clap-trap.

Blatherwick: And he's quite unknown; not a soul knows him.
Touchstone: Yet we must run him now, and make him believe he'll win.
All: Of course; most certainly.

Croston: Silence! Look confident and cheerful. Here they are. Let us rise and greet them. [Enter Maclure, Birley, and Houldsworth.]

Maclure: Good evening, all. Are you prepared?

Touchstone: We are; our canvassers report that Birley and Houldsworth are certain to have a clear majority of at least 10,000 votes.

Birley: It is well; but what about our great meeting in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday next?

Croston: We think that you should confine your remarks to the Indian Import Duties, and that Houldsworth should go in for the Burials Question, our Glorious Constitution Question, the Beer-and-Bible Question, and—

Houldsworth: Hold there! I don't like this Beer-and-Bible business.

Maclure: Oh lor! oh lor! But never mind. You may show how the Government prevented the War, and—

Houldsworth: But they didn't.

Stutter: Neither they did; yet you can argue that Gladstone caused it, which will do all the same.

Blatherwick: And dwell emphatically on the great prosperity that the country enjoys under our present Constitutional Government.

Houldsworth: But the facts are against you; the country is going to the dogs, trade is at a standstill, and the people are starving.

Birley: Well, we must get through it somehow. You must speak at least an hour. I can't; you must.

Houldsworth: I couldn't speak above ten minutes if it was to save my life, let alone find me a seat in Parliament.

Maclure: Oh dear! oh dear!

[Silence reigns for the space of five hours.]

Croston: Well.

Blatherwick: Well.

Maclure: Yes.

Stutter: Exactly.

Birley: Couldn't you, Croston, write out Houldsworth's speech for him, get it set up in the Jackdaw office; for it's so nice to read another man's speech—especially one got up by you—from a well-printed proof?

Croston (slowly): I'm your man, equal to anything.

Maclure: Do you agree, Houldsworth?

Houldsworth: There's no help for it; but see, Croston, that the Jackdaw does not publish my—your—speech before I speak it.

Croston: All right, old boy; the Jackdaw will do anything for me and the Great Conservative Party.

Maclure: The Lord be praised!

Birley (departing with the others): What a pleasant little meeting we have had, to be sure. [Exeunt.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

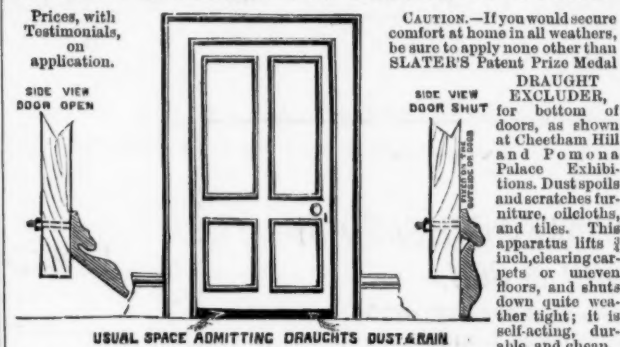
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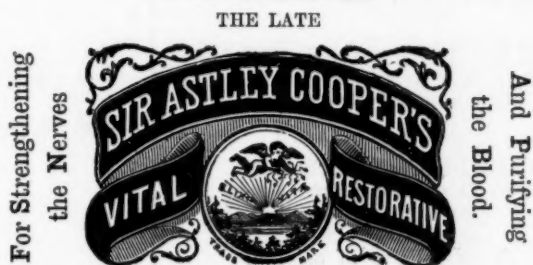
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